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NO. 16777 第七十七七七萬一第一

Hong Kong Daily Press.

ESTABLISHED 1857.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18TH, 1892.

HONGKONG SATURDAY, AUGUST 18TH, 1892.

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第三十人英漢書

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ARRIVALS.

Aug. 12. PROCTOR, German str., 872, E. Haas.

Canton 12th August, General—MILTONS & CO.

Aug. 1. NANCHANG, British str., 1,063, E.

Finnayan Canton 12th Aug.—BUTTERFIELD & SWINE.

Aug. 12. AMIGO, German steamer, 771, T. A.

Braun, Newchow and Chefoo 6th Aug.—HOINS and GUNN—WILSON & CO.

Aug. 12. KWALKE, Chinese steamer, 1,504.

Lingding, Shanghai 8th Aug.—General—C.

M. S. N. CO.

Aug. 12. FUGA, German steamer, F. Nagel,

Hamburg and Singapore 5th Aug.—General—JENSEN & CO.

Aug. 12. BATAVIA, British steamer, 1,051, J. H.

Hill, Tacoma 14th July, General—DODWELL, CARLILL & CO.

CLEARANCES.

AT THE HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE.

12TH AUGUST.

Decima, German str., for Kobe.

Chita, British str., for Shanghai.

Iris, British str., for Singapore.

Para Chon Kiao, British str., for Yokohama.

Charmar, Amer. ship, for San Francisco.

Lymemore, German str., for Shanghai.

DEPARTURES.

Aug. 12. KWELIN, British str., for Swatow.

Aug. 12. ACTIV, Danish steamer, for Holloway.

Aug. 12. ANG, Danish str., for Haiphong.

Aug. 12. DRECHEN, German str., for Ilolo.

Aug. 12. LYEMORE, German str., for Shanghai.

Aug. 12. RADONGHUA, British str., for Nagasaki.

Aug. 12. RADONGHUA, German str., for Canton.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

Per KANGALEE, str., from Shanghai.—Mr. and

Mrs. Salmon, Mr. and Mrs. Chin.

Per Fugla, from Sherside—140 Chinese.

VISITORS AT HOTELS.

Lowesmore Hotel.

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Mr. Otto E. Baker, Surgeon Major and Mrs.

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Mr. Wm. C. Butcher, Mr. Tandy.

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INTRODUCTIONS.

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AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE
CROSSES,
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Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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The best Aid for Delicate Constitutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants, and for every Disease of the Liver, Gall, and Bowels.
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In the manufacture of these Waters the purest ingredients only are used, and the utmost care and cleanliness exercised throughout. The Water is subjected to a perfect system of filtration, daily examination, and periodically to searching chemical analyses; so that absolute purity and safety are guaranteed.

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Waters are packed and placed on Board at Hongkong Piers and the full amount allowed for Packages and Empties when received in good order.

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Prepared from Genuine Fruit, Juices imported by ourselves, they contain the full flavor of the sound ripe fruit; mixed with plain or Aerated Water, they make delightful Summer Drinks.

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Its powerful anti-febrile qualities tend to ward off attacks of malarial fever, and to all convulsions, cools it acts as a quick restorative and appetizer.

A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD.,
THE HONGKONG DISPENSARY,
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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Only communications relative to the news columns should be addressed to "The Editor." Correspondents are requested that their names and addresses be given in all communications addressed to the Editor, for publication, but as evidence of good faith, all letters for publication should be written on one side of the paper only.

No anonymously signed communications that have appeared in our papers first and then elsewhere.

Communications from the Daily Press should be sent before 11 a.m. on the day of publication. After that hour the supply is limited.

Telegraphic Address Press. Telephone No. 12.

DEATHS.
On or about the 2d August, 1892, GEORGE FENNER BOWLES, late with Messrs. Watton & Deson, solicitors, Hongkong. (By telegraph.) [1709]

JOHN BROOK, late master of barque *Kingdom of Savu*, aged 39 years.

At the French Post Station, Shanghai, at 2 p.m. on the 1st August, C. Bremmer, the proprietor, died of the French Police; aged 56 years.

The statesmen and publicists of China have been concerning themselves much of late years with the persistent manner in which the balance of trade has declared itself against China. Every month the *Shen-pao* of Shanghai has two or three articles on the subject, and themes connected with it have been several times set for the prize essay of the Shanghai Polytechnic. The latest of these was given out by Sir Sieno, Director-General of Telegraphs, then Tso-tai at Chefoo, and the essay which gained the first prize has now appeared in the *Shen-pao*, replacing the usual editorial. SHEN-pao tso-tai had observed that "by the Customs Returns for 1890, trade between China and England showed a balance in favour of the latter of some sixty million taels, whereas trade between China and America, or China and Russia, showed a balance the other way of eight or nine millions. Speaking generally, England seemed bound to gain, Russia and America to lose. What?" he asked, "was the cause of this phenomenon, and what steps should China take to make her own trade flourish?"

The answer which the essayist finds to both questions is, in brief, the use of the best machinery. He lays down as a general principle that the wealth of a country does not consist so much in her natural products as in her manipulation of them; and it is somewhat curious that he should consider that American manipulation is on the whole a failure—at least as compared with England. The great success of the latter country has been ascribed, he says, to the extent of her divisions and the variety of their products; but that this is not the sole cause of her prosperity is shown by the fact that she can buy raw cotton in China, carry it home, manufacture it, recover the manufactured article to China, and sell it there, despite the competition of the native cloth. The moral is obvious: China must improve her methods of manufacture. There is, however, another thing to be considered. These cotton piece goods have their vogue in China, because they offer a similar article to the native cloth at a cheaper rate, but because of their attractive colours and patterns. China must set up cotton mills which shall turn out cloth on foreign lines. The mistake that has been made with the existing Chinese mill at Shanghai is that it has entered into competition not with the foreign but with the native article.

Here we may pause in our paraphrase to make two observations. It has become quite the fashion for our Consuls and others in their trade reports to urge British manufacturers to imitate more closely the Chinese cloths, yet here we find that in the opinion of the Chinese it is not the imitations that fetch the Chinese market, but the confessedly foreign and original fabrics and designs. In the second place we may observe that what the essayist here indicates at the duty of Chinese manufacturers to undertake is precisely what CHANG CHIN-TUO is proposing to himself at Wuchang. The Cotton Mills now rapidly approaching completion there are intended primarily to turn out goods on European lines. So, coastwise, indeed, is His Excellency said to be in this matter, that he actually proposes to lay upon the porters of his factory a tax the exact equivalent of the import duty on the rival foreign goods—a very chimerical, or a very short-sighted, policy.

Turning from cotton goods our essayist rapidly reviews the whole field of foreign imports. First, however he raps the knuckles of the tea-growers and the silk-rearers, on the usual grounds of carlessness and adulteration. They will never get back their pre-eminence, he says, till they return their ways and set up machinery, as their competitors of Ceylon and Lyons have long since done. China, however, must not be content with merely restoring the old palm-days of tea and silk; she must open new channels of industry. Foreigners, he notices, have taken to buying Chinese feathers which they get very cheaply, soft, clean, and well up into rugs for resale in China. In the same way they buy Chinese strawbraid for manufacture into hats, and Chinese hides for leather. With the growing taste for these goods in China it would pay her to manufacture them herself. So with needles, buttons, lamps, and umbrellas, trifles in themselves, but in the aggregate costing China large quantities of her beloved silver. Western methods, again, might be applied with advantage to existing Chinese industries for home consumption, for instance sugar and medicines. Beetroot sugar, he declares, is better in every way than cane, and medicines properly refined and distilled would be far more valuable than in their present crude form. Foreign liquors and tobacco are coming every day into greater favour with the Chinese; why not then establish breweries, distilleries, and cigar factories? Jams, caviare, and what would appear to be extract of meat, are other promising fields. Soap, matches, and glass have already been taken in hand (has soap?), but need further development. Chinese porcelain has always held a high place in Western estimation, and what China ought now to do would be to push her export trade in, with new shapes and patterns.

This next has a paragraph on the opium question, which is dealt with in a most refreshingly candid way. "The amount of opium which has left China to pay for foreign opium is, he says, 'positively hateful'; and if we could prevent further import it would be a most excellent thing." The church associations (*chiao-hui*) have urgently implored the British Government to forbid the planting of the poppy, but as the matter affects the Indian revenue, that Government has firmly refused to accede. China has no good opportunity for negotiating such a prohibition; so she has adopted the alternative plan—to grow it herself. This policy is good both for revenue and for trade, and is at all events not more hurtful to the people's subsistence. Those who would prohibit the growth of it on the score of the damage done to the food supply of the people do, not understand the situation.

He concludes his paper by an enumeration of certain lines of action which China ought to follow. She must, of course, have her technical and industrial schools, and be prepared to introduce machinery into all industries. (He never apparently thinks of machinery to combat any objections to its use.) To the port it would be a most excellent thing. "The church associations (*chiao-hui*) have urged me to keep a check on these practices, and a case which he has just brought before the notice of the Magistrate will probably do something to the self-respect of a man the other day took a *ricksha* from Kastaford Terrace to the Wharf and tendered a cent piece to the driver demanding a double fare. The poor fellow refused, and was beaten with a stick. The *ricksha* was broken, and became very violent, pushing his passenger away from the vehicle. Cause of this sort are not at all uncommon, and there appears to be some evil combination among the men. To our knowledge gentlemen have been altogether boycotted from time to time to prevent them from taking in hand what they have been unable to get a vehicle for love or money. The police will be glad of intimation of such occurrences in order that they may at once find out who the principal offenders are, the severe punishment of whom may deter the others and make matters more pleasant and satisfactory to persons seeking to use *rickshas* at Kastaford."

We have not been able to give more than a bare summary of this interesting paper, but it was better so than to leave it altogether unnoticed. Foreigners, indeed, ought to pay careful attention to the drift of Chinese opinion (and it cannot possibly be studied better than in *Shen-pao*), for we see even now how that opinion is coming to affect the course and nature of trade with China.

principle that the wealth of a country does not consist so much in her natural products as in her manipulation of them; and it is somewhat curious that he should consider that American manipulation is on the whole a failure—at least as compared with England.

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The third instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

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The fifth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

The sixth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

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The eleventh instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

The twelfth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

The thirteenth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

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The fifteenth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

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The nineteenth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

The twentieth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

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The twenty-second instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

The twenty-third instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

The twenty-fourth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

The twenty-fifth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

The twenty-sixth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

The twenty-seventh instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

The twenty-eighth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

The twenty-ninth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

The thirtieth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest" appears on our fifth page. On the sixth page will be found a complete story "The Microbe of Unreason" by Mr. N. A. Jenning.

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The fortieth instalment of Mr. Mauville Fournier's story "A Secret Quest"

[Now First Published.]

A SECRET QUEST.

A STORY OF INCIDENT, MYSTERY, AND ROMANCE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE PENN,
AUTHOR OF "A GOLDEN DREAM," "THE
PASSE DU DÉSERT," "THE MATER OF
THE CHAMONIX," "BLACK BLOOD,"
AND "THE LASH THAT LOVED A
SOLDIER" "A MINT OF
MONEY," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

ADVENTURE INVADED.

WHAT! Another secret quest?" said Deane, wonderingly, as he stood at the side of the little hotel at Front and the granite.

For they were just about to start for a long climb in the gorges down which the avalanche had passed, when Frant drew attention to a party coming along the path, and Deane had to make a hasty dash to let them pass, hastening back through the timber after a very scene with the Colonel. The party consisted of the little family from the shelter, the ladies on mules, and the Colonel upon a stout cub, the animals being in charge of two guides, and as they came near Valter said, "The English military here says he shall not leave the place, for the snow has gone down from the plateau, and there is nothing to fear."

"How do you know he said that?" cried Deane sharply.

Anderson watched them intently.

Valter's handsome face was turned east as a rushing girl's, and he said in a confused way:

"I happened to be there last night—Gratuchen's hut was in flames, I added, hastily, 'the British soldier is riding Fritz's mule, Bobbie.' He is a demon."

"Is it dangerous?" said Deane, anxiously, as he gazed through the trees at the little advancing party winding in and out among the rugged trunks of the pines.

"Dangerous for the lady? Oh no, he is dangerous to go near. He bites and kicks."

Just then the new visitor to the hotel, the quiet, keen-looking Englishman who had arrived on the previous evening, appeared, lighting his cigar in the broad doorway, and then catching sight of the mounted party, hastily threw his Havanna away and walked down toward the path.

"So much like it," said Frant. "Ah! the old man is treating him more kindly than he did us."

For the Colonel seemed to receive the newspaper placidly enough as he crossed the path. The ladies entered into conversation, and Deane winced as he saw the stranger ride past him, the great black mule upon which Hester was mounted.

There a grim smile crossed his face as the mule swung round his head and gave a vicious snap at the newcomer, making his leg kick in alarm, and one of the guides step forward and seize the ring of the bit.

There was a brief conversation then, the two men drew back, and the little party went on.

"They are going up the high path by the sign," said Valter, "to see us in to the little hut where the snow fell."

"But that's taking a leap out of our book," cried Frant.

"No," said the guide, smiling, "they keep to the path, we take to the mountain."

"Yes, said Frant. "It would better then to keep to the path."

Just then Anderson, who had turned to watch the little party till it disappeared round a turn in the valley, came slowly toward them smiling with satisfaction and clutching a fresh cigar.

"A fine young gentleman! Climbing?"

"Yes," said Deane, curiously, "just for a few hours, I suppose. What's all this?"

"I'll tell you all about it," said the guide, "but this place seems inviting for a stay. You have had an accident it seems, there where I crossed the drifts of the snowfall. The hand tells me that a lady and gentleman were buried."

"Yes, a narrow escape," said Deane, whose heart sank for this man could only be a cruel serpent, or the Dentons would have told him.

"No more risk—not more danger!" said Anderson.

"I don't know," interposed Frant, dryly.

"It's an avalanche place."

"Well, I'll risk it," said Anderson, smiling; "and I wait for a few days. And you are going to climb?" he continued, looking curiously at the hand and the girl's rope. "Are you not the same as I am?"

"Tidy," said Frant. "Come on."

"Oh, dear, no. Quite an infant, my dear."

"I'll cut outside her and shade and sun you off."

"I have an eye to follow you with my glass."

"All right, then," cried Frant.

"I suppose," said Deane to himself, as he looked and then made a sign to Valter to lead him back and then made a sign to Valter to lead him back.

"Stay here," said Anderson, as he stood with his head a little bent, gazing at the departing climbers through his thick glasses.

"Other people look for adventure, but they don't seem to have it. Hat! Things shall well. Fate propitious. I'll be in the camp at once!"

He patted and looked at the partner snow-pants through the thin blue cloud of smoke exuding from his lips.

"Beautiful as ever," he said. "How strange that at my time of life I should be so moved. Well, the passion was only waiting. It was there. Love the business of all the idleness of the day. I'll be back for a while. You, and too, I wonder where you are."

"Anderson! No! He has the with him in some pocket-book or belt!" He threw himself into one of the woolen chairs out in the sunshine, and sat back to watch the route Deane and his companions had taken, seeing them sometimes, and then losing sight of them again, until they reached the barren higher ground, where the camion and alpine vegetation found a covering close to the granite side. "There they are nothing to me. Let them live. They will not run my path; they will better who as you, the weaker task to teach her to compete for her, to love." But how? I must get her to do it. I'll be back to you as often as possible—and as blindingly, as sweet as possible! Pook! I can guess this little affair when I have thought it out more."

He lay back smoking and watching as Deane and his companions disappeared, always riding higher and higher, the top of one peak after another, the piney ground down which the unknown had swayed it over.

"It does not look high," he continued, as he sat the three hours it was passing along a mere ledge of precipice, "but it is. Now I will lay up here, and what a trifl would sweep me into eternity—a wave of the hand, a puff of wind. Bad goes. If I had not taken the route as the Colonel I should have followed. Still I'll go after it. No, it would be better. I must play the retiring rôle of the invalid, and let the Colonel draw me out. Puff! tenter tenter."

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT THE LAWYER SAW.

Manville had been perfectly ignorant of the planning on half done, and was passing slowly up the steep slope, lost of the track of the now to come to the hotel, and not pleased, for the man seemed to repel him, still, tall, long, big, he said to himself. "What a nose! If he had not known, I should have wanted him as a cruel acquaintance."

"Young men like him are for life," he said, and before they had started the hotel with a promise to think in that fashion, it is nothing to look upon every stranger who approached to tell as a pure life.

Deane discussed the thought hurriedly, but it had not been easily, owing back with the fact that Lawrence Anderson, though from the hotel, was in an unusual contenance. People laugh at these things and then sensible conclusions, but judging from the singular fact constantly brought to notice it seems as if the mind, irrespective of the place, does influence another.

"Take care, take care!" shouted Valter, respectfully, for Deane was brought from the land of clay-dreams back to the present by an ugly slip, consequent upon placing one foot where he ought never to have stepped.

"Ah, that's better," cried Frant, as Deane saved himself by a snatch at a patch of alpine grass just as he was sliding down. "The old man may be down in that gorge, old chap, and dead."

"But I shouldn't be in working trim when I got there, I'll shout Deane.

"What's that with the hurr?" whispered Valter to Frant as they climbed higher, and Deane had paused to look round while the guide followed his question by asking for a light.

"Eh?"

"The horse. He always did go dreaming on those old cold pits that we have not found, and he thinks of other things now to come than I shall be afraid to glide without the rope."

"Get your complaint, Valter, my lad!"

"My complaint, here, the aches from my old bad back are getting steadily on."

"No," said Frant, with a popular look.

"Is there anything the matter with you?"

"I'm not long kept in doubt as to who he could be, and a hanger-on at the hotel, the mule drivers who had accompanied the Colonels that morning, suddenly appeared before them and shouted to them to come on.

"There has been some accident," said Deane.

"I'm drawing my bow," said Deane.

"They are here, but, dear. We can slip out through the windows here at once."

Hester caught the little strapped-up boards, and held them in his hands, while they passed out of the window, the side, step-like, at once on to the mountain pathway, and in among the trees, so that they were hidden from anyone in his village.

"The Colonels are here," said Deane, shouting short.

"Is there anything the matter with you?" he said.

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